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THE BOYS IN THE BLOCK.

By MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

The block was a short row of houses in a New York street, leading into the Bowery. The Bowery, it is said, has its name from the fact that it was, in old Knickerbocker days, a pleasant rural walk—a real "bower" of trees and shrubs. Looking at the row of glistening stores, hearing the clatter of the train on the elevated railroad, it is hard to believe that the long, bristling thoroughfare was ever a country place.

The houses in the block were very tall. The lower part of each contained a store. The cellar, too, was used either as a store or as a dwelling for very poor people. All the people in the block were poor, but some were poorer than others. These cellars were generally occupied by Chinese. The block contained a good many representations of various nationalities. Among them were several Italian families.

The boy in the block was divided into two cliques—one made up of the Italians and the other of the boys already mentioned. Their hands were against each other and both were against the Chinese.

So far, Father Raymond had in vain preached peace. There was no peace. Giuseppe Baldini let a piece of water-melon fall on Ned Keefe's head. Ned punched Giuseppe when he had a chance.

Later in the Catechism class for the Italians, Giuseppe had been asked if he understood the meaning of forgiving his enemies.

"Si si," he had answered at once. "If somebody hit you," asked the teacher, would you forgive them?" "Si—oh, yes," answered Giuseppe, readily, thinking of Ned Keefe, "if I couldn't catch him!"

Reppo Testa tied a tomato can to the tail of Ned Smythe's dog, and Ned Smythe declared war against the three Testas who played the harp, flute and violin for a living.

Everybody in the block was soon more or less mixed up in the feud. It made the street in front of the block unsafe. The Italian boys, fewer in number than the others, had to get up early and run off about their business as quickly as they could. They prudently tried to get home before the others.

Every floor of the block contained, at least, three families. The war was not carried on inside the house. An occasional fight on the stairs occurred; but by common consent there was a truce once the house was gained.

Tom and Ned went, with the best intentions, towards home after Father Raymond dismissed them. They felt virtuous. They were conscious of being truly good. They thought how much better they were than the other fellows who did not know their Catechism lesson.

Boys in this rarely complacent state of mind had better be careful. A boy that feels his weakness is less likely to get into scrapes than he who thinks he is much better than his fellow-beings.

Tom and Ned walked on, sedately whistling a favorite tune in unison. As they neared the block, they saw Giuseppe Baldini and Beppo Testa crossing the street.

"Let's frighten them," Ned said. "No," Tom answered, "Father Raymond would not like it." "Just for fun, you know."

Tom hesitated. Beppo carried his violin and Giuseppe had a bag slung across his back.

Beppo was a short boy, with large black eyes, white teeth, and black curly hair. Cold as it was, his ragged jacket was wide open in front. He had a pleasant expression, and he smiled whenever he had a chance.

Giuseppe was taller, not so dark, more quiet and thoughtful than Beppo. Neither Giuseppe nor Beppo saw the two other boys.

"Come now," whispered Ned, "we'll frighten them."
 Tom, in spite of his good resolutions and self-compacency, did not resist this appeal. He and Ned darted behind a cart which stood in the street.

Beppo was softly singing "Santa Lucia." Giuseppe looked around. Who could tell whether the Murphys, the Malones, the Schwatzes, or other enemies might not be laying in wait? Giuseppe stopped. He thought he heard a sound.

"Whoop! give it to the Dagoes!" cried Ned, suddenly uttering the war cry of his faction, and rushing from his retreat, followed by Tom.

Giuseppe and Beppo stood still a minute, and then probably remembering that such attacks were never made by their enemies, except in large parties: turned and fled.

Ned and Tom ran after them, uttering unceasingly yells. It seemed the Italian boys as if half a dozen of their tormentors were on their track.

Giuseppe and Beppo made a dash towards the door of their dwelling; but Tom, who had no forgotten everything but the excitement of the chase, headed them off. Giuseppe jumped backwards, not noticing that the entrance to the cellar had been left open, and fell headlong with a cry of fright, which, as he struck the ground with a thud, changed into a groan.

Beppo would have fallen, too, had not Tom caught him. As it was, he was knocked against the wall. He tried hard to save his violin by holding it in his arms. It was in vain. The force which pushed him crushed the instrument between him and the wall.

Beppo uttered a cry of despair, and carried the ruins of his violin to the street-lamp. He wrung his hands.

"He couldn't go on more if he'd killed a baby," muttered Ned, feeling very much ashamed of himself. "It's only an old fiddle."

Beppo sobbed and gesticulated under the lamp post.
 "I am lost! I am lost!" he exclaimed in Italian. "It's my father's violin."

"Don't be a fool!" said Ned. "Don't cry like a big baby. The thing can be mended, can't it?" "Never!" cried the Italian boy, "never—no!"

Ned saw that the violin was split clearly in two. The strings hung loose. It had parted, so that they clung to one piece, while the other was stringless. Ned's heart sank. He had a good heart. Oh, why had he not followed Father Raymond's advice!

Tom had gone down into the cellar in search of Giuseppe. He found him kneeling on the ground at the foot of the steps, trying to gather the apples which had been scattered from his bag as he fell.

Tom stooped down and tried to help him. It was dark and it was hard to find the apples. Tom lit a match. He saw that Giuseppe had a cut on his head.

Giuseppe recognized him and went up the steps, clutching his bag.
 "Wait a minute," Tom said. "You'd better let me help you."
 "You've already helped me to a cut head," answered Giuseppe, "and lost my apples. I don't want any more help."

When Giuseppe reached the street and saw the condition of Beppo's violin, he became very angry.
 "You are nice Christians," he said. "You are worse than the heretics. Poor Beppo can no longer play. He must starve, and Nina must starve. His brother, Filippo, is sick, and Riccardo is away in the country. What can be done now that Beppo has no violin?"

Ned and Tom felt very bad and uncomfortable. They were silent. If Giuseppe had raved about his own misfortunes, they would have answered him in their own way. But the sight of Giuseppe forgetting his injuries in those of another, made them feel like brutes.

Beppo leaned against the wall of the house, bending over his crushed violin. He was the very picture of despair.
 "You'd better go home," said Ned, gruffly, to hide his feeling.

"Perhaps he's afraid to go home," Tom suggested. "Let's go with him and tell his people we did it."
 "Very well," said Ned, reluctantly, and then, turning to Giuseppe, "you can tell your folks that I cut your head, and that I lost your apples. If they want satisfaction, tell them they can take it out of me."

"Will you give me back the apples?" demanded Giuseppe. "They are very dear. I brought them to sell on a stand. I have lost a dozen, at least."
 Ned made no reply to this practical proposition. He took Beppo's violin, and caught Beppo by the shoulder. Assisted by Tom, he half dragged, half carried the weeping boy up to a room on the fourth floor. He knocked at the door.

"Hush," whispered a voice within. The door opened. The boys saw an interior dimly lighted by a kerosene lamp. On a shelf against the wall was a colored statue of the Blessed Virgin, ornamented with some artificial flowers. There were three beds in the room, which was without carpet or other furniture, except a stool, a chair, and a table.

A little girl appeared in the doorway.
 "Hush," she whispered. "I have just made Filippo go to sleep."
 She was an olive-skinned little girl, with large black eyes and a sweet expression. She wore a dress rather longer than American girls of her age—which was about thirteen—wearing around her shoulders was drawn a gayly colored, three-cornered shawl.

She looked at Ned and Tom, and the smile on her face turned to a look of fear.
 "Have you hurt Beppo?"
 "Ah, no, Nina," sobbed Beppo, "I wish they had! They have made me break our father's violin."
 "Broken!" cried Nina, seizing the mutilated violin and kissing it. "And the dear father—may he rest in peace—loved it so!"

"What a fuss about an old fiddle!" muttered Ned.
 Tom made no answer. Nina's grief caused him to feel more like a brute than ever.

"No good ever comes of disobeying Father Raymond," he said. "We've done a mean thing, Ned, and no mistake. It makes me sick to think of it."
 "We'd better go," Ned said.
 Nina looked at them reproachfully. "What did Beppo do to you?"
 "He made a face at me the other day," responded Ned promptly.

Nina's eyes flashed.
 "And for that you broke our precious violin? How can Beppo earn money now? He cannot play Filippo's harp, and Riccardo is in the country. We can no longer buy medicine for Filippo. We must starve!" Nina's gestures grew more impressive. She pointed to the statue of the Madonna.
 "How can you expect the Blessed Virgin to love you?"
 Ned felt very uneasy.
 "If Beppo had turned around and

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showed fight, like a man, he would not have broken his fiddle," he said.
 "But you frightened us in the dark," said Beppo, sobbing still. There are so many of you in the block. We thought that you were a great crowd."
 Nina's eyes flashed again.
 "You Irish and American boys are cowards," she said. You attack our Italian boys because you think they will run."
 Ned clenched his fist.
 "Oh, yes," Nina said, sarcastically, "hit me. I'm only a girl, but I will not run. I am surprised that Father Raymond does not teach you better."
 "He does," said Tom.
 "I'm sorry we did not mind him," said Ned.
 "Come in, Beppo," Nina continued, "come—we will, at least, starve together. I hope you are satisfied with your work."
 "Good-night," Ned answered, feebly.
 "Good-night, gentlemen," responded Nina, shutting the door.
 But the boys' quick ears heard both Beppo and her sobbing over the violin.
 "I never felt so mean in my life," said Tom.
 "They are making an awful fuss over that fiddle. We'll have to help them some way."
 "I don't see how we can, Ned, we have as much as we can do to help ourselves."
 "I wish I could blame it all on somebody else. I do indeed! But I can't. It was all our fault!"
 "That little girl gave us some home thrusts. It's a nasty business, Ned. We'll have to stop plaguing the Italians. It never struck me before that we were doing them much harm. I wish we hadn't acted like—like—"
 "Cowards," Ned said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Confessional.

Why does the world hate the confessional? I will tell you in a word. Because the men of the world are afraid of laying their hearts open. They know that there are black spots: that there are dark stains, deep wounds, old scars, open sores, and they hide them in darkness. The innocent have no fear, for their hearts are unspotted, and though conscious of many faults and many weaknesses they are free from the stains and wounds of an evil life. They are not afraid; to them confession is easy. But those who are conscious that they are carrying within them a secret which the world does not know, of which their neighbors are not aware, which the nearest to them do not suspect, which they would rather die than reveal—according to the shrinking of the flesh and blood, forgetting all the while that God knows everything—they fear and hate the thought of confession. This is the true reason why the world rails against confession. This is the reason why every revolution that breaks out at once burns the confessional. It dare not come near the confessional.

When it sees a confessional, it sees a forthcoming witness of the great white throne and of the day of judgment; and to get rid of this intolerable reality the anti-Christian revolution tears it out of the church and burns it in the street.—Cardinal Manning.

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